



# COMMON SENSE in the HOME

EDITED by MARION HARLAND



## BANISHING THE WORRY HABIT.

The worry cow might have lived till now. If she hadn't lost her breath, but she thought her hay wouldn't last all day. So she worried herself to death.

FOR years this bit of doggerel, lettered on a card, has been tacked up above my desk, where my eyes could rest upon it whenever I lifted them from my work. I hope I shall not be thought irreverent when I say that the trifling rhymes have been associated in my mind with something far greater and deeper—a verse from the revised version of the New Testament: "Be not anxious for the morrow."

There is a woman for a housekeeper who does not know what it is to be the prey of worry. I am not talking now of what might be termed legitimate anxieties caused by the illness or misconduct or sorrow of some one near and dear, or of those other burdens of financial uncertainty and distress which so few of us are able to escape. Even these we might lighten a little, now and then, by looking at them in a different way from that in which most of us view them.

But there are the other worries and especially that variety known as "crossing a bridge before we come to it." Can any one of us declare that she is free from this fault? Am I harsh when I speak of it as a fault? Granted that many persons are born with this predisposition to worry, can any of us deny that it is a tendency which can be checked or encouraged by the effort of the victim?

Consider some of our most fertile sources of worry—these we love. Do we not give way to needless self-torture on their behalf?

I wish my mind would not run wild in the way it does," said a woman to me the other day. "You know there have been two or three cases of scarlet fever in our neighborhood. Last night when my husband came in a little late my youngest boy roused up and asked for a drink of water and said his throat was sore. Before his father could strike a match and look at the child's throat I had him ill with scarlet fever, worse, dead, had ordered my mourning, and seen myself as sorrowing for years!"

"Was anything the matter with the throat?" Inquired, with much solicitude. She laughed shamefacedly.

"Not a thing. The child had probably been sleeping with his mouth open and the throat was a little dry and uncomfortable. There was not a sign of inflammation. But I couldn't get to sleep for an hour afterwards, thinking of what might have been."

Where is the mother who could not parallel the experience? We take our worries in all quarters. If the child is late coming home from school we do not, as a general thing, suggest the natural explanation that he has loitered on the way or stopped to play—at least, I never did. To my mind it was much more likely that he had met with some accident or, at the best, been "kept in." If he has gone on an excursion with his mates even a trifling tardiness spells disaster, especially if the cutting has been made by water or if there have been guns, or horses, or trails, or any other means of casually connected with the trip.

The best I could hope for in those conditions was to keep to myself the anguish I underwent and not to make the innocent causes of my woes sufferers for my folly.

I have known women who had less self-restraint or perhaps less perception of their own idiosyncrasy, who would fall upon the necks of their returning offspring with a recital of the anxieties undergone which entirely blotted out in the children's minds all recollection of their own enjoyment and made them feel like heartless culprits for having been happy while their mother was agonizing.

Such worry is hard enough to bear even in the daytime, when one can seek a little diversion in work or reading and so change the current of thought. It is infinitely worse at night, when the darkness only brings fresh terrors and there is



cause their hats never look right, because they are not satisfied with their parlor curtains, and because the waitress will take the dishes off the table in the wrong order; they worry because their husbands smoke too much and the children don't get the highest marks in school, and every

woman worries because she is getting old and is losing her looks.

"Then they worry because they don't have time to keep up their reading and feel that they are slipping behind intellectually; they worry because they are afraid of falling health and of becoming a burden upon their families; they worry over their sins and shortcomings and because they feel they are nothing like so good as they ought to be. O, it would take me much less time to tell you the things they don't worry about than to give you a notion of the things they do agonize over!"

Apparently the worry cow represents a type and a class rather than an individual.

"But what are we going to do about it?" some one may ask. "Since women all seem to worry, wouldn't it be as well to take it as a matter of course and let it go at that?"

I don't think so. I believe that it is possible to check the propensity to worry, or at least to hold it in leash, if one cannot control it absolutely. There is no doubt that it grows by indulgence and that the best way to become a hopeless victim to this fault is to yield to the inclination to look at the dark side of things.

This I say with no desire to be censorious. I have undergone too much in the line of disproportionate distress over trifles which never came to pass to criticize those who take life hard. I know too well how prayer, faith, praise, everything else seems to slip away from one who, roused from slumber by worry, tries to put matters into their correct relative positions. All one can do is to try to think of something else, to change the current of thought rather than to meet the troubles squarely and to look at them rationally.

Midnight, or the wee small hours cannot be chosen as the time for seeing life steadily and seeing it whole.

No, the reform movement must be started at another period and in a different way. If we come down to it and regard the subject sanely most of us will be willing to concede that we give way to worry when we could resist it. Dwelling upon one's trials and tribulations during the daylight hours develops the tendency of the mind to turn to these same distresses at night. The habit of putting away really such worries as meditation over will not help is a potent aid in conquering the habit.

I say advisedly that one should not think over worries one cannot help. Nothing is gained by it. When you ponder upon the increase in the cost of living your

thoughts may be turned to some method by which you can reduce your expenses. When you wonder how you will manage to adapt your wardrobe to prevailing fashion, the result may be a notion which will prove of real service to you. Likewise, when you are not satisfied with the progress your children are making at school or with your own growth in the intellectual or spiritual life, meditation upon these may prove suggestive and helpful.

The case is different with the other class of worries. By no taking of thought can you add one cent to your stature (the marginal note in the revised version translates "stature" as "age"), and neither can you remove one atom from it. What does worry do for the woman who shrinks from growing old except render her dissatisfied with an inevitable and unchangeable state of affairs? The anxious lines and wrinkles which never arrive upon her face will surely not improve the looks she mourns to lose.

Neither will worry benefit the texture of the parlor curtains or the skill of the waitress any more than it will make your hat look right or make you think they look right, which amounts to the same thing.

Cultivate the sense of proportion, my sisters, who, like myself, are inclined to worry unduly. Consider if you can change any of the points which distress you by worrying over them, and if not, make a heroic effort to dismiss them from your thoughts and to put in their place something pleasanter and more profitable.

Few and far between are the worries which result in profit. One reason for this is that much of our worry is expended upon contingencies which never arrive.

"So much good worry wasted!" I heard a girl wail herself comically. "I was positive my gown wouldn't fit me and it does fit, like the paper on the wall! To think that I lay awake half the night wondering what I should do to the dressmaker for the failure I was certain she was going to make!"

I am not sure that any worry can be called "good," but I know that much of it is wasted. The thing we feared does not come to pass, or when it does some circumstance softens the trial and we come to it with a strength or with reinforcements we had not expected. I am quite sure the worry cow had a whole mouf full of hay! Once in a while it might be well for us to take account of stock and find if we are not in the same position before we give ourselves up to "worrying to death."

### FAMILY MEALS FOR A WEEK.

#### SUNDAY.

BREAKFAST.  
Maltine grapes.  
Cereal.  
Baked kidneys.  
Corn muffins.  
Coffee.

#### LUNCHEON.

Beef loaf.  
Pineapple salad.  
Saratoga potatoes.  
Brown bread.  
Cornstarch.  
Blancmange.  
Tea.

#### DINNER.

Mock turtle soup.  
Roast chicken.  
Whipped sweet potatoes.  
String beans.  
Chocolate ice cream.  
Coffee.

#### MONDAY.

BREAKFAST.  
Oranges.  
Cereal.  
Baked eggs.  
Quick biscuit.  
Coffee.

#### LUNCHEON.

Sliced beef loaf.  
Tomato toast.  
Baked potatoes.  
Cakes.  
Cheese.  
Jam.  
Tea.

#### DINNER.

Potato soup.  
Chicken fritters (leftover).  
Sweet potato (leftover).  
Peas.  
Fruit.  
Coffee.

#### TUESDAY.

BREAKFAST.  
Stewed prunes.  
Cereal.  
Bacon and apples.  
Rolls.  
Coffee.

#### LUNCHEON.

Chicken soup (leftover).  
Potatoes hashed (leftover).  
Cup custards.  
Wafers.  
Tea.

#### DINNER.

Spinach soup (leftover).  
Cold sliced lamb.  
Baked tomatoes.  
Whipped potatoes.  
Butter pudding.  
Coffee.

#### WEDNESDAY.

BREAKFAST.  
Oranges.  
Cereal.  
Poached eggs on toast.  
Graham gems.  
Coffee.

#### LUNCHEON.

Beef hash (leftover).  
Cream potatoes.  
Toasted English muffins.  
Marmalade.  
Tea.

#### DINNER.

Cream of carrot soup (leftover).  
Roast lamb.  
Mint sauce.  
Spinach.  
Browned potatoes.  
Cottage pudding.  
Coffee.

#### THURSDAY.

BREAKFAST.  
Baked apples.  
Cereal.  
Bacon.  
Whole wheat blaudit.  
Coffee.

#### LUNCHEON.

Cheese fondle.  
Potatoes hashed (leftover).  
Cup custards.  
Wafers.  
Tea.

#### DINNER.

Spinach soup (leftover).  
Cold sliced lamb.  
Baked tomatoes.  
Whipped potatoes.  
Butter pudding.  
Coffee.

#### FRIDAY.

BREAKFAST.  
Oranges.  
Cereal.  
Baked eggs.  
Rolls.  
Coffee.

#### LUNCHEON.

Gratin oysters.  
Brown bread and butter.  
Romaine salad.  
Cream puff.  
Chocolate.

#### DINNER.

Tomato bisque.  
Boiled codfish with egg sauce.  
Parfait potatoes.  
Fried apricot.  
Jelly pancakes.  
Coffee.

#### SATURDAY.

BREAKFAST.  
Oranges.  
Cereal.  
Bacon and green peppers.  
Toast.  
Coffee.

#### LUNCHEON.

Fish fritters (leftover).  
Baked potatoes.  
Scalloped oysters (leftover).  
Crackers.  
Cheese.  
Tea.

#### DINNER.

Macaroni soup.  
Braised nutmeg chops.  
Mashed potato.  
Peas.  
Sweet potato pie.  
Coffee.

## MARION HARLAND'S HELPING HAND.

RECEIVED the letter you sent me about the tent. You have no idea of how proud I shall be to get the tent, so that I can be with my husband, and I thank you so much for your kindness in helping me to secure it. It was through the kind efforts of the Corner that I was successful in getting the tent.

Mrs. J. M. T.

I am glad to pass on these thanks to those who have helped me in procuring this correspondent the tent she desired.

### Invalid Wants Letters.

"If there are any of your Cornerites who would care to correspond with a young woman shut-in I would be glad to hear from them. I am 22 years old and have been ill almost two years. I have magazines which I would gladly give to some one and I also send my good wishes to your energetic Corner. C. B."

Surely there will be some one who would like to correspond with this shut-in. An appeal of this sort never goes begging. Also there will be requests for the magazines offered.

### Would Correspond with Readers.

"Would some one from the west care to correspond with a girl? I would like to know more about that interesting part of our country and to hear from some of the readers of the Corner. X. Y. Z."

We have many interesting Cornerites who would be happy to get in touch with this girl and to exchange impressions of their different parts of the union. I hope the pleasantest sort of a girl or young woman may apply to me for the address of this Cornerite and that they may form a delightful comradeship by letter.

### Daughter Is Musical.

"Have any of your readers a phonograph or graphophone to give away to a family? The daughter is musical and most eager for such an instrument. I print this application on the chance that some one may be able to send an affirmative reply to it. If such a one will write to me for the address this shall be supplied.

### Request from Lonely Cripple.

"I have seen in the Corner the offer of some one to give away silk pieces and some old piano music. I am a cripple and cannot go out, and would feel thankful to receive these gifts. It is so lonesome. As an exchange I have some magazines

I would like to give to some one whom they might cheer a little. Mrs. L. W."

I wish much that this request had been accompanied by the name of the person who offered the silk pieces and the music, as without this I have no means of identifying the would-be giver. But is there not some one else who can supply the need of this crippled shut-in and cheer her by the silk pieces and the music she craves? I am sure both these articles must be in the possession of some one who would like to bestow them in a quarter where they would be appreciated and give a little rest to life.

### Wants a Discarded Violin.

"Has any one an old, discarded violin to give away? I would like much to have one so I could learn to play. I would pay the charges on it to our town. And as I have learned to do tatting and stenciling, could some one please send me some patterns? I would appreciate it, and perhaps some time I could do a favor for the giver in return. A. G."

Old violins for which their owners have no further use are not plentiful. I am afraid, and yet there is a chance that one may be looking for a possessor and may be sent to this Cornerite. Even if the violin is not to be had I think there is little doubt that patterns for tatting and stenciling are abundant enough to insure some of them going to A. G. I hold her address and will furnish it on application to any one who writes for it.

### Book for an Old Man.

"Several weeks ago a correspondent who signed herself, I think, 'M. A. F.' asked for 'The Love Letters of a Lonely Soul' for an old man. I have a copy of the book and would be glad to let the correspondent have it. B. F."

I am sorry to say no such signature as this appears in our files and I am forced to the conclusion that B. F. has made a mistake in the initials. I print her offer on the chance that the correspondent who desires the book referred to may see the offer of it and write, sending the correct name and address.

### Wants a Drum.

"I would like no much to get a trap drum for my brother. He is 14 years old and wants a drum so he can join a Junior M. C. A. band that has been started out here. Any boy can join if he has an instrument, and they get their lessons free. My brother thought he could get a drum this vacation, so he got work at 15

cents a day, but it was outdoor work and there has been so much rain that he did not earn much. My mother thought she could pay a dollar a week out of his pay and get him a drum, but I had my leg hurt and had an operation on it, and so we had a big doctor's bill to pay, so he cannot get the drum. He was so anxious for it, but now he never says a word, and I guess the poor child thinks he can't have it this year. I thought some one of the Helping Hand perhaps had a drum to give away.

### In Exchange for French Lessons.

"Do you think that through the Corner I could find some one, preferably a woman, who would be willing to do some type-writing for me in exchange either for lessons in French or for some fancy novelty article she might select? I am a wage earner, but at the present time I am overwhelmed neither with money nor physical strength. I am a constant reader of the Corner and am especially interested in the work you are doing in the way of helping so many. I take this opportunity of expressing my thanks for the valuable service so cheerfully dispensed from the sunny Corner, whose far reaching beams extend to so many, bringing them the solace and comfort their poor hearts so ardently crave. L. H."

### Suggestions for a Candy Pull.

"I would be glad to pay postage on the music F. M. O. offers through the Corner. I would also be pleased to receive some suggestions for a candy pull."

### Bottling Grape Juice.

"Will you kindly tell me through the Corner how to bottle grape juice so that it will keep through the winter? C. F. H."

I have never had any difficulty in keeping grape juice that was properly made, bottled hot, corked, and sealed. The last is essential, and the bottles should be laid on their sides in a cool place and in the dark. A cellar or cool pantry where there is no danger of freezing is the best storage place for them.

### Asks for Baby Clothes.

"I have a request which I would be glad to have inserted in the Corner, and if it is granted I will be glad to send in return some of my own hand work to those who would care to have it. I am expecting a baby in a few months, and as I am up against hard times my husband is still paying, when able a doctor's bill for a broken leg, I do not know which way

to look for the necessary baby clothes and maternal requirements. So I thought that if any of your readers were handy at sewing and would make me even a few necessary little things, or send some which their own babies have outgrown, I would be grateful and would send in return a hand painted center piece on satin, as I have some talent along this line and have often sold my work. I do hope you can insert this request and offer. Also, if there is any shut-in or cripple who delights in pictures and would care to have a fresh one to look at now and then, or to hang on the wall, I shall be only too pleased to paint one if I am told what is the taste of the one who wishes it. Of course, I am not a first class artist in this line, but my work has won prizes and has been purchased, so it is not worthless, and this is the only way I can think of by which I am able to help or to give pleasure to any one who cares for such things, and I do want to help in some way or other if I can.

### Boston Cream Pie.

"As I am about to try a recipe for Boston cream pie or cake—either will suit for a name—I gladly copy the same for Mrs. J. A. P. Sift one level cup of flour with one and a quarter teaspoons of baking powder and one-quarter teaspoon of salt. Beat two eggs without separating and add to them one cup of sugar; then stir in alternately the sifted flour and half a cup of boiling water. Add a scant teaspoon of vanilla; pour the batter into two round cake pans and bake in a moderate oven until the cake shrinks from the sides of the pans. Turn out on a cake rest, and when cool fill with the following: Mix together one cup of sugar, half a cup of flour, and a quarter teaspoon of salt. Beat two eggs and add, stirring until well mixed. Have ready two cups of boiling milk and stir the mixture into the hot milk. Cook for two to five minutes in a double boiler. It scorchers easily. The filling must cool before it is applied to the cake. I am one of the old

### For a City Dweller.

"Something has been persistently coming into my mind since you wrote a while ago about the need of every one for a vacation of some sort. I wonder if I could, through the Corner, offer a week's vacation to some city dweller, probably a tired teacher, office woman, or saleswoman. Here are the conditions: Beautiful country, little village, an old, comfortable farmhouse, wholesome food—quantities of fruit, vegetables, fresh air, fried chicken, sunshine, and quiet. I couldn't promise much in the line of amusement. We have the city mail twice daily, telegraph and telephone, papers, magazines, and books. But my husband wears khaki and a flannel shirt and he doesn't dress for dinner—but he is an old dear and does work so hard!

### Asks for Baby Clothes.

"I regret very much that the prior claims of other letters received earlier than this have delayed this most charming offer of a vacation. I hope the generous and alluring invitation may be accepted by the one who needs it most, if not too late in the season."

### Asks for Baby Clothes.

"I have a request which I would be glad to have inserted in the Corner, and if it is granted I will be glad to send in return some of my own hand work to those who would care to have it. I am expecting a baby in a few months, and as I am up against hard times my husband is still paying, when able a doctor's bill for a broken leg, I do not know which way